

MARSHAL MURAT

HIS EARLY LIFE-STUDIES THEOLOGY. HIS ADVENTURES-HIS BRAVERY IN EGYPT-HE MARRIES NAPOLEON'S SISTER-HIS PERSONAL APPEAR-COSSACKS-HIS QUARREL WITH NA-POLEON - VARIOUS CHARACTERIS-

Achille, the eldest son of Murat, formerly King of the two Sicilies, was, until recent less spirits that once unsettled Europe from her repose. Kings, and Princes, and Marshals, and nobles have in turn been

men whose whole inherent force must out in action or slumber on forever. In peaceful times they acquire no emi-'nence, for there is nothing on which they can expend the prodigious active energy they possess; but in agitated times, when a throne can be won by a strong arm and a daring spirit, they arouse themselves, and move amid the tumult completely at home. At the head of this class stands Marshal Neythe proud, stern, invincible soldier, who acquired the title of "the Bravest of the Brave.'

A second class of reckless, daring spirits, who love the excitement of danger, and the still greater excitement of gaining or losing everything on a single throw, always flourish in great commotions. In times of peace they would be distinguished only as roving adventurers or reckless, dissipated youth of some country village. In war they often perform desperate deeds, and by their headlong valor secure for themselves a place among those who go down to immortality. At the head of this class stands Marshal Junot. who acquired the sobri-

in ordinary times. To them life is worth- that suited his nature. less, destitute of brilliant achievements, and there is nothing brilliant that is not outwardly so. In peace such men simply blunders, and good and bad impulses.

But in turbulent scenes they are your the chivalric Murat. The latter, however, dreamer-pursuing, rather than contemthe name of the "prieux chevalier."

Joachim Murat was born March 25, 1767, little tavern in the place. He was honest and industrious, with a large family of children, none of which exhibited any were to return with him to France. striking qualities, with the exception of Joachim, who was regarded the most reck- Murat was by his side, and when the mere success to him in it. He invested it horse like a young Bedouin, and it was that firm and easy seat in the saddle that | of his childhood. afterwards made him the most remarkable horseman of his time.

NOT FITTED FOR THE CLERGY. The high and fiery spirit of the boy marked him out, at an early age, as a child of promise, and he became the Benjamin of his parents. The father had once been a steward in the Talleyrand family, and through its influence young Murat was received, when nine years old, into the College of Cahors, and entered on a course of studies, preparatory to the Church,

Young Murat was destined by his parents to the priestly office, for which he was about as much fitted by nature as Talleyrand himself. But nothing could make a scholar of him. Neglecting his studies and engaged in every frolic, he was disliked by his instructors and beloved by his companions. The "Abbe Murat," as he was jocularly termed, did nothing that corresponded to his title, but on the contrary everything opposed to it. His teachers prophesied evil of him, and declared him, at length, fit for nothing but a soldier, and they, for once, were right, Leaving Cahors, he entered the college at Toulouse no wiser than when he com-

menced his ecclesiastical education. Many adventures are told of him while at the latter place, which, whether apocryphal or not, were all worthy of the reckless young libertine. At length, falling in love with a pretty girl of the city, he fought for her, and carried off his prize. This put an end to his clerical hopes, and throwing off his professional garb, he enlisted, in a fit seurs that happened at that time to be passing through the city.

Becoming tired of the restraint of the camp, he wrote to his brother to obtain his dismission, which was promised on condition he would resume his theological studies. The promise was given, and he returned to his books, but the ennui of such a life was greater than that of a camp, and he soon left school and went to his father's house, and again employed himself in the stables. Disgusted with the business of an ostler, he again entered the

The second time he became sick of his employment, and asked for his dismissal. It was about this time he cheated an old miser out of 100 francs, by passing off a gilded snuff-box for a gold one. But money was not the motive that prompted him to this trick. A young friend had enlisted in the army, and had no way of es-It was to obtain this for his friend, Murat cheated the old man.

stitutional guard of Louis XVI., he hasted | solved the Assembly. with young Bessieres, born in the same leon's Marshals

An ultra-republican, his sentiments, of which he made no secret, often brought | born Moreau. him into difficulty, so that it is said he In a fortnight after his marriage he was fought six duels in a single month. At on his way with his brother-in-law to steady vollies and simultaneous flashes of this time he was 22 years of age, tall, cross the San Bernard into Italy. At handsome, and almost perfectly formed, Marengo he commanded the cavalry, and his own brave soldiers maintained their and with a gait and bearing that made him | for his great exploits in this important | ground. The shot of a solitary 12-pounder, the admiration of every beholder.

During the reign of terror he was a ment a magnificent sword.

that of Major. In 1795, having aided Napoleon in quelling the sections, the latter, when he was appointed to command the army in Italy, made him a member of his

personal staff. Here, beside the rising Corsican, commenced his brilliant career. With the words, "Honor and the Ladies," engraved on the blade of his sword-words char-ANCE-THE ADMIRATION OF THE acteristic of the chivalric spirit of the man -he passed through the Italian campaign second only to Bonaparte in the valorous deeds that were wrought.

At Montenotte, Milesimo, Dego, Mondovi, Rivoli, etc., he proved the clearsightedness of Napoleon in selecting him for a companion in the perilous path he years ago, a planter in Florida. Fleeing from had marked out for himself. He was France, he came to our country, and found | made the bearer of the colors taken, in an asylum on our shores, the place of this campaign, to the Directory, and was refuge to so many of those stern and rest- promoted to the rank of General of Brigade. WITH NAPOLEON IN EGYPT.

He soon after accompanied Bonaparte to forced to take shelter under our eagle, to Egypt, where he grew weary and disconescape imprisonment and death at home. | tented in the new warfare he had to en-There are three classes of men which a counter. In the first place, cavalry was state of war brings to the surface to as- less efficient than infantry against the tonish the world by their deeds. The first | wild Mamelukes. When 20,000 of those is composed of those stern and powerful liferce warriors, mounted on the fleet steeds



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quet of "la tempete," "the tempest." | of the desert, came flying down on their A third class is composed of the few men | mad gallop, nothing but the close and left of a chivalric age. They have an in- serried ranks of infantry and the fixed nate love of glory from their youth, and bayonet could arrest their progress. Belive more by imagination in the days sides, what was a charge of cavalry of knighthood, than amid the practical against those fleet horsemen, whose onset scenes that surround them. Longing for and retreat were too rapid for the heavythe field where great deeds are to be done, armed French cuirasseurs to return or they cannot be forced into the severe and pursue? Besides, the taking of pyramids steady mental labor necessary to success and deserts was not the kind of victory of thousands that struggled behind it-a

by Napoleon to force the center of the Turkish lines, he showed what wild work he forget those gilded trappings when he do nothing, and dream away half their he could make with his cavalry. He rode saw him return from a charge, with his life, while the other half is made up of straight through the Turkish ranks, and drove column after column into the sea: and in one of his fierce charges dashed decided characters. The doubts and op- into the camp of Mustapha Pacha, and posing reasons that distract others have rode straight up to the Turkish chieftain no influence over them. Following their as, surrounded by 200 Janizaries, he stood impulses, they move to a higher feeling | bravely defending himself. As the Pasha than the mere calculator of good and evil. saw him approach he advanced rapidly At the head of this class stands, as a to meet him, and drawing a pistol, patriot, Patrick Henry, and as a warror, aimed it at his head. The bullet grazed his cheek, just starting the never relinquished. Many a time had Nawas an active, rather than a passive, blood, and the next moment Murat's poleon seen it glancing like a beam of light glittering sword gleamed before the eyes of | to the charge, and watched its progress

plating, a fancied good, and he acquired the Pacha as it descended on his hand, like the star of his destiny, as it struggled crushing two of his fingers with the blow. The Pacha was seized, and carried a then smiled in joy as he beheld it burst in Bastide, a little village, 12 miles from prisoner into the French camp. His bril- through the thick ranks of infantry, scat-Cahors. His father was the landlord of a liant achievements in this battle fixed him forever in the affections of Napoleon, who | the wind. soon after made him one of the few who During that long and anxious voyage

less, daring boy in the village. He rode a vessel in which they sailed was forced by with a sort of glory in itself—threw an air adverse winds into the port of Ajaccio, he of romance about it all, and doubtless around his father's stable he first acquired visited with the bold Corsican the scenes fought, frequently, almost in an imaginary

more than any other single General for him | bearing, as he led his troops into battle, in that trying hour. In that crisis of Na- prove him to be wholly unlike all other poleon's life, when he stalked into the | Generals of that time.

of the National Guard, Marshal, Grand Admiral, Prince of the Empire, Grand of Berg and Cleves, and was finally made King of Naples.

"The Abbe Murat" had gone through some changes since he was studying theology at Toulouse.

COURAGE, SKILL AND COOLNESS.

It is not my design to enter in detail into the history of Murat, but having given the steps by which he ascended to greatness, speak only of those acts which illustrate the great points of his character. In the campaign of 1805-at Wertingen, Vienna and Austerlitz, and other fields of fame-in 1806-7 at Jena, Lubeck, Eylau and Friedland-in 1808 overthrowing the Spanish Bourbons, and placing the crown in Napoleon's hands, he is the same victorious leader and intrepid man.

His three distinguishing characteristics were, high chivalric courage, great skill as a General, and almost unparalleled coolness in the hour of peril. Added to all this, Nature had lavished her gifts on the mere physical man. His form was tall and finely proportioned-his tread like that of a king-his face striking and noble, while his piercing glance few men could bear. This was Murat on foot, but place him on horseback, and he was still more imposing. He never mounted a steed that was not worthy of the boldest knight of ancient days, and his incomparable seat made both horse and rider an object of

universal admiration. The English invariably condemn the theatrical costume he always wore, as an evidence of folly, but it was in perfect keeping with his character. He was not a man of deep thought and compact mind. but resembled an oriental in his tastes, and loved everything gorgeous and imposing. He usually wore a rich Polish dress, with the collar ornamented with gold brocade, ample pantaloons, scarlet or purple, and embroidered with gold; boots of yellow leather, while a straight diamond-hilted sword, like that worn by the ancient Romans, hanging from a girdle of gold bro-

cade, completed his dashing exterior. He had heavy black whiskers and long black locks, which, streaming over his shoulders, contrasted singularly with his fiery blue eye. On his head he wore a three-cornered chapeau, from which rose a magnificent white plume that bent under its profusion of ostrich feathers, while beside it, and in the same gold band, towered away a splendid heron plume. Over all this brilliant costume, he wore in cold weather a pelisse of green velvet, lined and fringed with the costilest sables.

Neither did he forget his horse in this gorgeous appareling, but had him adorned with the rich Turkish stirrup and bridle, and almost covered with azure-colored trappings. Had all this finery been piled on a diminutive man, or an indifferent rider like Bonaparte, it would have appeared ridiculous; but on the splendid charger and still more majestic figure of Murat, with his lofty bearing, it seemed all never saw him on his magnificent steed, in place and keeping.

a mark for the enemy's bullets in battle, and it is a wonder that so conspicuous an object was never shot down. Perhaps there never was a greater contrast between two men, than between Murat and Napoleon, when they rode together along the lines previous to battle. The square figure, plain three-cornered hat, leather breeches, brown surtout, and careless seat of Napoleon were the direct counterpart of the magnificent display and imposing attitude of his chivalric brother-in-law.

To see Murat decked out in this extravagant costume at a review might create a smile, but whoever once saw that gailycaparisoned steed with its commanding rider in the front of battle, plunging like a thunderbolt through the broken ranks, or watched the progress of that towering white plume, as floating high over the tens constant mark to the balls that whistled But at Aboukir, where he was appointed like hailstones around it-never felt like smiling again at him. Especially would diamond-hilted sword dripping with blood, his gay uniform riddled with balls and singed and blackened with powder, while his strong war-horse was streaked with foam and blood, and reeking with sweat.

> WHITE PLUME LED TO VICTORY. That white plume was the banner to the host he led, and while it continued flutter ing over the field of the slain, hope was for awhile in the hottest of the fight, and tering them from his path like chaff before

Napoleon once said that in battle he was probably the bravest man in the world. The device on his sword, so like In the revolution of the 18th Brumaire, the knights of old-his very costume copied which placed Bonaparte in power, Joachim from those warriors who lived in more took a conspicuous part, and did perhaps | chivalric days, and his heroic manner and

Council of the Five Hundred, already In his person, at least, he restored the



MURAT LEADING THE CAVALRY AT JENA.

(From a painting by H. Chartier. cape except by raising a certain sum of thrown into tumultuous excitement by the days of knighthood. He himself unconhaving obtained a situation in the con- pieces they marched into the hall and dis-

department, to the Capital, and there laid age, he married Caroline Bonaparte, the the foundation of his after career, which | youngest sister of the Emperor, then in all | Mount Tabor. made him the most distinguished of Napo- | the bloom and freshness of 18. The handsome person and dashing manners of Murat pleased her more than the higher- tude covering the tumultuous field, and

battle received from the Consular Govern-

violent republican, and advanced through | Bonaparte, as Emperor, never ceased the grades of Lieutenant and Captain to lavishing honors on his favorite borther-in-

money, which was out of his power to do. news of his usurpation, and the startling sciously lets out this peculiarity, in speakery, "Down with the tyrant," met his ear, ing of the battle of Mount Tabor. At the Murat was by to save him. "Charge bayo- foot of this hill, Kleber, with 5,000 men, But the revolution beginning now to nets," said he to the battalion of soldiers found himself hemmed in by 30,000 Turks. agitate Paris, Murat's spirit took fire, and under him, and with firm step and leveled | Fifteen thousand cavalry first came thundering down on this band of 5,000, arranged in the form of a square. For six hours Soon after, being at the time 33 years of they maintained the unequal combat, when Napoleon arrived with succor on

> As he looked down on the plain, he could see nothing but a countless multiswaying and tossing amid the smoke that curtained them in. It was only by the musketry that he could distinguish where which he fired, first announced to his ex-

hausted countrymen that relief was at

law. He went up from General of Brigade acting on the defensive, and extending him why he did not withdraw. "Every to General of Division, then to Commander themselves, charged bayonet. Murat was of the National Guard, Marshal, Grand on the banks of the Jordan and took the enemy as they rolled towards the bridge, Eagle of the Legion of Honor, Grand Duke and with his little band performed prodi-

body of Turkish cavalry.

All around, nothing was visible but a mass of turbaned heads and flashing sciseen a single white plume tossing like a rent banner over the throng. For awhile passingly dear to him. the battle thickened where it stooped and rose, as Murat's strong war-horse reared and plunged amid the saber strokes that fell like lightning on every side—and then the multitude surged back, as a single rider burst through covered with his own blood and those of his foes, and his arm red to the elbow that grasped his dripping sword. His steed staggered under him and seemed ready to fall, while the blood poured in streams from his sides.

But Murat's eye seemed to burn with fourfold luster, and with a shout those who surrounded him never forgot to their latest day he wheeled is exhausted prisoners-took Ems, and again beat the steed on the foe, and at the head of a body of his own cavalry trampled every-thing down that opposed his progress. Speaking of this terrible fight, Murat said that in the hottest of it he thought of Christ, and his transfiguration on that same spot nearly 2,000 years before, and it gave him tenfold courage and strength. He was promoted in rank on the spot. This single fact throws a flood of light on Murat's character, and shows what visions

of glory often rose before him in battle, giving to his whole movement and aspect a greatness and dignity that could not be assumed.

VALOR IN THE RUSSIAN WAR.

None could appreciate this chivalrous bearing of Murat more than the wild Cossacks. In the memorable Russian campaign, he was called from his throne at Naples to take command of the cavalry, and performed prodigies of valor in that disastrous war. When the steeples and towers of Moscow at length rose on the sight, Murat, looking at his soiled and battle-worn garments, declared them unbecoming so great an occasion as the triumphal entrance into the Russian Capital, and retired and dressed himself in his most magnificent costume, and thus appareled rode at the head of his squadrons

into the deserted city.

The Cossacks had never seen a man that would compare with Murat in the splendor of his garb, the beauty of his horsemanship, and, more than all, in his incredible daring in battle. Those wild children of the desert would often stop, amazed, and gaze in silent admiration, as they saw him dash, single-handed, into the thickest of their ranks, and scatter a score of their most renowned warriors from his path, as if he were a bolt from heaven. His effect upon these children of nature, and the prodigies he wrought among them, seem to belong to the ago of romance rather than to our practical times. They sweeping to the charge, his tall, white This dazzling exterior always made him | plume streaming behind him, without sendon a shout of admiration before they

> closed in conflict. In approaching Moscow, Murat, with a few troops, had left Gjatz somewhat in advance of the grand army, and finding himself constantly annoyed by the hordes of Cossacks that havered around him, now wheeling away in the distance, and now dashing up to his columns, compelling them to deploy; lost all patience, and obeying one of those chivalric impulses that so often hurled him into the most desperate straits, put spurs to his horse, and galloping all alone up to the astonished squadrons, halted right in front of them, and cried out in a tone of command, "Clear the way, reptiles!" Awed by his manner and voice, they immediately dispersed.

During the armistice, while the Russians were evacuating Moscow, these sons of the wilderness flocked by thousands around him. As they saw him reining his high-spirited steed towards them, they sent up a shout of applause, and rushed forward to gaze on one they had seen carrying such terror through their ranks. One called him his "hetman,"—the highest honor that could be conferred on him. They would now point to his steed and now to his costume, while they fairly recoiled before his piercing glance.

Murat was so much pleased by the homage of these simple-hearted warriors that he distributed among them all the money he had and all he could borrow from the officers about him, and finally his watch, and then the watches of his friends. He had made many presents to them before; for often, in battle, he would select out the most distinguished Cossack warrior, and plunging directly into the midst of the enemy, engage him single-handed, and take him prisoner, and afterwards dismiss him with a gold chain about his neck or some other rich ornament attached to his person.

MURAT'S GENERALSHIP.

He was also a good General, though I know this is often disputed. Nothing is more common than the belief that an impulsive, headlong man cannot be clear-headed, while history proves that few others ever accomplish anything. From he fought with the same unshaken cour-Alexander down to Bonaparte, your impetuous beings have always had the grandest plans, and executed them. Yet place to the soiled and tattered carments of men will retain their prejudices, and you cannot convince them that the silent. grave owl is not wiser than the talkative parrot, though the reverse is indisputably true. There could hardly be a more impetuous man than Bonaparte, and he had a clearer head and a sounder judgment than all his Generals put together.

Murat's impulses were often stronger than his reason, and in that way detracted from his generalship. Besides, he was too brave, and never counted his enemy. He seemed to think he was not made to be killed in battle, or to be defeated. Bonaparte had great confidence in his judgment when he was cool, and consulted him perhaps more than any other of his Generals upon the plan of an anticipated battle. On these occasions Murat never flattered, but expressed his opinions in the plainest, most direct language, and often differed materially from his brother-in-law.

Perhaps no one ever had greater skill than Napoleon in judging of the position of the enemy; and in the midst of battle, and in the confusion of conflicting columns, his perceptions were like lightning. Yet, in these great qualities, Murat was nearly his | ment. equal. His plans were never reckless, but the manner he carried them out was desperation itself. Said Bonaparte of him, He was my right arm-he was a paladin in the field-the best cavalry officer in the

Murat loved Bonaparte with supreme devotion, and bore with his impatience and irascibility, and even dissipated them by his good humor. Once, however, Bonaparte irritated him beyond endurance. Murat foresaw the result of a march to Moscow, and expostulated with his brotherin-law on the perilous undertaking.

The dispute ran high, and Murat pointed to the lateness of the season, and the inevitable ruin in which the Winter, so close at fland, would involve the army. Bonaparte, more passionate than usual, because Murat had the right of it, as he had, a few days before, when the besought him not to attack Smolensko, because the Russians would evacuate it of their own accord, made some reply which was heard only by the latter, but which stung him so to the quick that he simply replied, "A march to Moscow will be the destruction of the army," and spurred his horse straight into the fire of a Russian battery.

Bonaparte had touched him in some sore spot, and he determined to wipe out the disgrace by his death. He ordered all his guard to leave him, and dismounting from his magnificent steed, with his piercing eye turned full on the battery, stood calmly waiting the ball that should shatter

A more striking subject for a picture was scarce ever furnished than he exhibited in that attitude. There stood his high-mettled and richly-caparisoned charger, with arching neck and dilated eye, giving ever and anon a slight shiver at each explosion of the artillery that plowed up the turf at his feet, while Murat, in his splendid attire, stood beside him with his ample breast turned full on the fire, and his proud lip curled in defiance, and his tall tion of calm courage and heroic daring. At length, casting his eye round, he saw The ranks then, for the first time, ceased Gen. Belliard still by his side. He asked London to San Francisco.

man," he replied, "is master of his own life, and as your Majesty seems determined to dispose of your own, I must be allowed

to fall beside you." gies of valor and outdid himself. Once he This fidelity and love struck the gener-was nearly alone in the center of a large ous heart of Murat, and he turned his horse and galloped out of the fire. The affection of a single man could conquer him, at any time, whom the enemy seemed metars, except in the center, where was unable to overcome. His own life was nothing, but the life of a friend was sur-

THE CAMPAIGN OF 1805.

As proof that he was an able General as well as a brave man, it is necessary only to refer to the campaign of 1805. He commenced this campaign by the victory of Wertingen-took 3,000 prisoners at Languenau, advanced upon Neresheim, charged the enemy and made 3,000 prisoners. marched to Norlingen and compelled the whole division of Weernesk to surrender, beat Prince Ferdinand, and hurrying after the enemy, overtook the rear-guard of the Austrians, charged them and took 500 enemy on the hights of Amstetten, and made 1,800 prisoners-pushed on to Saint Polten, entered Vienna, and, without stopping, pressed on after the Russians, and overtaking their rear-guard, made 2,000 prisoners, and crowned his rapid, brilliant career with prodigies of valor that filled all Europe with admiration, off the field of Austerlitz.

Bonaparte usually put from 10,000 to 20,000 cavalry under Murat, and placed them in reserve behind the lines, and when he ordered the charge he was almost certain of victory. After a long and wasting fight, in which the infantry struggled | Lincoln. Perhaps, however, it was the with almost equal success, and separate bodies of horse had effected but little. Bonaparte would order him down with his enormous weight of cavalry.

It is said that his eye always brightened as he saw that magnificent body begin to rebellion, and that the effect would be the move, and he watched the progress of that renewal of the war in a more terrible form, single white plume, which was ever visible that created in the minds of the people above the throng, with the intensest in- such a feeling of uncertainty and dread. terest. Where it went he knew were broken ranks and trampled men, and impossible. Like Ney, he carried immense moral force with him. Not only were his followers inspired by his personal appearance and incredible daring, but he had acquired the reputation of being invincible, man, both friend and foe, knew it was to be the most desperate one human power could make.

And, then, the appearance of 20,000 horsemen coming down on the dead gallop, led by such a man, was enough to send terror

through any infantry. The battle of Valentina exhibited an instance of this moral force of Murat. He had ordered Junot to cross a marshy flat and charge the flank of the Russians while he poured his strong cuirassiers on the center. Charging like a storm with his own men, he was surprised to find that Junot had not obeyed his command. Without waiting for his guard, he wheeled which I was attached was doing garrison his horse, and galloping alone through the duty at Nashville, occupying Fort Morton, wasting fife, rode up to him and demanded at the apex of the hill between the Frank- Lost his deliverer, the most of all. why he had not obeyed his order.

Junot replied that he could not induce a mile from the city, to which duty we had the Westphalian cavalry to stir, so dreadful was the fire where they were ordered to Dec. 15-16, 1864, when 'Pap" Thomas de- When Lincoln died, a great soul passed advance. Murat made no reply, but reining his steed up in front of the squadrons, waved his sword over his head and dashed straight into the sharpshooters, followed by that hitherto-wavering cavalry as if they had forgotten there was such a thing perfunctory duty. All realized that the as danger. The Russians were scattered war was practically over; that service in like pebbles from his path; then turning the need was but a memory, and not to Junot, he said, "There, thy Marshal's always a pleasant one, and our attention staff is half-earned for thee; do the rest | was largely directed toward the probably

PROMPTITUDE AND DARING.

Soon after, at the battle of Borodino, as self into one of the redoubts, where he death. found only a few soldiers, panic-stricken, collar, and exclaimed:

"What are you about?" The Colonel pointed to the ground, on which lay half his troops, and said, "You see it is impossible to stand here." "Very well," replied Murat. "I will remain." The officer stopped, looked at him a moment in surprise, and then turning

round, coolly said: "You are right! Soldiers, face the enemy: let us go and be killed!" Throughout this fatal campaign he bore himself like one who could not be killed, and when the mournful retreat commenced age. Though his cavalry had melted away, and his gorgeous apparel had given a fugitive, and the gay and brilliant knight had disappeared before the rigors of Winter, the claims of hunger, toil, and defeat,

he still charged with the same impetuosity as ever. His apparel, dazzling as it was, had nothing to do with his courage. He once said to Miot, at the siege of Jaffa, who asked him what he would do if the enemy should surprise him in the night, "Well, I would mount on horseback in my shirt; I should be the better distinguished in the dark." His showy exterior simply corresponded with his chivalric sentiments.

But it is impossible to speak of all the engagements in which he took part. He was in constant service, and he never fought a battle without performing some heroic deed. On the plains of Italy, over the sands of Egypt, by the waters of Jordan, by the Danube and Rhine, through the snowdrifts of Russia-everywhere. over hundreds of battlefields, he moves the same intrepid leader and chivalric warrior. Resistless in the onset, deadly in the pursuit, he flies from one scene of strife to another, as if war were his ele-

(To be continued.)

events, including great battle scenes, and nearly opposite where I stood, the men in though he is very far from being that. the strong portrayal of the characters of the ranks standing at a "right shoulder buring their course on the training-ship the boys are listed as third-class apbiographies of Napoleon and His Marshals. A goodly number of installments of this serial are forthcoming. The next installment will treat of the further career of Marshal Murat.

What War Means. [Leslie's Weekly.]

wealth of the world in the blood and ashes of war since authentic history began is beyond all estimate. It has been computed that the loss of human life alone in that time from war amounts to fourteen thousand million souls-a number equivalent | Gen. Miller had been killed, but that was to the entire population of the globe for the soon dissipated by the General appearing cerning the charge of May 22, 1863, at Vickslast 330 years. It should be noted here that the class of men who are drafted or fatefully suggestive knot of crape upon his accepted for military service are invariably left arm. the very class who, by reason of age, health, and strength, are the most valuable to the world, from the purely economic and material standpoint. They are the stalwart, intelligent, capable men. In this country economists have set the definite value of \$5,000 upon the average man considered as the soldiers, and I afterward learned that a wealth producer. Taking this average except Gen. Miller, the members of his as the general standard of the value of a man, it can be seen what an inconceivable amount of wealth in the shape of men has been destroyed on the battlefields of the world since time began.

Nine Years to Walk Through London.

The largest city in the world is London, lying in four Counties and having a population of 4,250,000, equaling the combined populations of Paris, Berlin, St. Petersburg, and Rome. To walk through all the streets, avenues, lanes, and alleys of the city, never traversing the same one twice. white plume waving to and fro in the air as the bullets whistled by it—the impersona- for nine years. The streets, placed in a very clear that they inwardly rejoiced. No for nine years. The streets, placed in a row, would reach round the world, and leave a remnant that would stretch from elsewhere, were displayed. This, of course Lieutenant.—HARTZELL MARTIN, Co. C,

A CRITICAL PERIOD.

How the News of Lincoln's Death Was Received in the Army.

older the flight of time, never except under untoward circumstances of slow and hesitating wing, seems of accelerated speed, and the events of a third of a century since appear like the incidents of yesterday. To those who reached the stage of early manhood and participated in the stirring scenes of the closing days of the war it seems almost incredible that the hapless day when the American people were frenzied with horror and the civilized world hilt in the fellow's breast. With a gasp stood appalled by that crime of the century, the cruel and treasonable assassination of that great and good man, President Lincoln, was long ago, that children then unborn have in the intervening years advanced to middle life, and the school children of to-day read the story of the tragedy as the history of a time long since passed. Yet we recently passed the 33d anniver-

sarv of that day. Perhaps because of the contemporaneous events, marking the period when all were looking forward to the early cessation of hostilities, possibly because the public mind was not suffering the tension created by four years of bloody, devastating war, certain it is that the subsequent murder of President Garfield was not looked upon by the public with such a feeling of paralyzing horror as was the assassination of apprehension for the future, the fear that the crime which was afterward shown to be but the deed of a limited coterie of conspirators was the result of a widespread conspiracy involving the leaders of the

It will be remembered that few, even, of the public men of the country but apprewhile it went he knew that defeat was hended an outbreak of lawlessness that would result in the inauguration of an era approaching chaos, during which the fabric of our Government would be destroyed, cord with discipline, and a vigorous effort and, after years of successful war to establish the principle of popular and free Gov- It was finally fixed upon a couple of clerks and when he ordered the charge, every ernment, our best efforts were to come to in the Quartermaster's Dep riment, but I naught and popular sovereignty proven a failure. It was indeed a period when, for a punished; perhaps nothing more serious time, the future of the American Republic

trembled in the balance. The story of the crime and the incidents following in civil life are familiar to those who passed through the ordeal and to the student of history; but, singularly enough, we have read little of how the news of the tragedy was received by the soldiers in the field, and it is to fill, so far as the experience of one soldier may, this blank page of

history that these lines are written. At the time of the assassination of the President the battery of light artillery to lin and Granny White turnpikes, perhaps been assigned after the battle of Nashville, feated and utterly destroyed the rebel army of Hood.

In April, 1865, soldiering in garrison, remote as was Nashville, from the concluding operations of the war, was largely a early consummation of all soldierly hopes and ambitions at that time-an order home for muster-out.

It will be remembered that the murder of the redoubts were carried and Bagration | the President occurred about 9 o'clock in was driven back, and while Murat was the evening and that he lingered until 7:15 endeavoring to rally his men, disordered the following morning before death superwith victory, the second Russian line ad- vened. Information of the tragedy did not vanced, and the latter became entirely reach Nashville until 10 o'clock on the day surrounded before he was aware of it. To following the commission of the crime, or

At that time the garrison at Nashville. and running in affright around the fort including detached commands encamped seeking a way of retreat. Instantly calling in and near the city, numbered about 18,000 them to halt, he stood and waved his men. Orders had been issued and arplume, as a banner, over his head, and rangements perfected for a parade of these finally rallied them to resistance, and held troops in the city on the day that the infor- Was of the people, from the lowest rank; liverance. As these two heroes stood and received, in jollification over the surrender breasted the terrible tempest that then of Lee, an event of the previous six days. burst upon them, Murat saw the soldiers of Having no special fancy, either inherited Friand's division beginning to break, and or acquired, for marching through dusty Running up to him, he seized him by the I found urgent business at the Post Quar- For he appeared as one sent for a work such enjoyment as they could find in the parade.

About 9:30 o'clock I rode into the city, and having a little leisure time on my hands, hitched my horse in front of the office of the Times, on Church street, opposite Zollicoffer Barracks (now the Maxwell House), and went up stairs to exchange gossip with some of the printers whose acquaintance I had formed during a prolonged stay at that station.

We had talked but a few minutes when the telegraph messenger boy tripped up the stairway and handed to the foreman a sheet of manifold paper, the hour being early and none of the editors present. The foreman ("Jim" McDaniel, formerly a Captain in the rebel army, but "reconstructed,") glanced at the sheet and instantly turned pale. As he read to us the announcement that President Lincoln had been assassinated, his voice and hands trembled with agitation.

All were herrified beyond measure, but scarcely had we time to exchange a few agitated words when the door was thrown open and in strode a member of the staff of ceiving ship Vermont at the Brooklyn Navy-He hurriedly inquired if information of the tragedy had been received, and when told My army blue, however, gave me freedom, are poorly developed or who have had any and I left the room with the officer.

In reply to my query concerning the reason for his actions in placing the printers under arrest, he explained that there were 18,000 soldiers drawn up for parade, and have good eyesight and hearing, a strong that if the knowledge of the President's | heart and lungs, and sound teeth. Then assassination reached them an outbreak that might not leave one brick upon another of the city of Nashville and cost the lives of half her rebel citizens would be one of the immediate probabilities.

concerning what I knew, we separated, and walked across the street and took position on the steps of the Zollicoffer to watch | trousers and round hat, which makes him EDITORAL NOTE. - Descriptions of stirring | the march past. The right of the line was | feel quite like a man-o'-war's-man at once. order to march. Suddenly there came the call of "attention," with the necessary succeeding orders to bring the men to reverse arms."

Few need to be told that "reverse arms" is the position assumed at funerals, and is never taken for any other purpose. The effect upon the men in the ranks would have been almost comical under other What has actually been lost to the conditions. Every man was asking of his nearest comrades what was the matter. All knew that something terrible had happened to so suddenly change a day of iollification into an occasion of morning. The rumor spread through the ranks that riding slowly down the line-but with the burg.

> In the midst of these speculations the order was given to march at slow time and the line moved off, the muffled drums sounding a dirge.

knowledge of the tragedy was kept from 37th Ohio was next." Later on he says: staff, myself and the four or five imprisoned printers in the office of the Times, there was not a soul in the entire city of Nashville who knew the truth. The parade was rapidly disintegrated

each command moving to its quarters and double guards placed, with instructions to allow no one to pass out under any cir-cumstances, before the soldiers were made acquainted with the tragedy that, as one man re arked, "made us all orphans." The reception of news of the tragedy by the relics of Southern chivalry left in Nashville was just such as might have been expected. While there were no out-

did not accord with the ideas of patriotic | 30th Ohio, Deweese, Neb.

straint possible upon the part of the coolerheaded officers could not avoid occasional collisions. Of one of these I was a witness. While passing through the public square on the afternoon of the day following the inci-

propriety entertained by the soldiers and

attaches of the army, and the utmost re-

Editor National Tribune: As we grow dents noted, my attention was attracted by the loud and beastful talk of a trie of the sciens of Southern aristocracy who were standing in front of the City Hotel. Just at the moment a patrol squad in charge of a Sergeant came by, and one of the young men referred to gave voice to a most brutal remark, which he evidently intended the Sergeant should hear.

He did hear it, and bringing his gun down, without a word beyond a malediction upon the offender and his tribe, with a wicked lunge he drove the bayonet to the and a quiver the wounded man fell to the sidewalk a corpse, while the Sergeant turned to his squad as quietly as if on parade and gave the order to march on. I never heard that there was anything done about the affair. Like everything else in this world, the

greater part of the citizens aroused the resentment of the soldiers, and this feeling found expression in a very effective manner. On the Sunday morning following the tragedy every dead-wall and-tree box in the city was found to be decorated with small handbills, perhaps 4x6 inches, containing the following: "ATTENTION!-All who are not for us

affair at Nashville had its comical feature.

As above noted, the indifference of the

are against us, and all who do not display proper evidences of mourning before 9 o'clock on Monday morning must suffer the consequences.-Soldiers.' The effect of this was electrical, and also

somewhat comical. Before the hour named on Monday morning there could not be purchased in the entire city of Nashville, for love nor money, half a yard of black goods of any variety, from satin to calico. And such a spontaneous and universal decoration of persons, doors, windows, fences and even shade trees was perhaps never before or since seen in Nashville of elsewhere. The entire town looked like a

gigantic funeral procession. Of course, such a demonstration as this on the part of the soldiers was not in acwas made to ferret out the guilty parties. never learned that they were severely than being ordered to join their regiments. -A. R. Bell, 2d Ind. battery, Lisbon, O.

WHEN LINCOLN DIED. BY J. A. EDGERTON, LINCOLN, NEB.

When Lincoln died a universal grief Went round the earth. Men loved him in that hour.

The North her leader lost; the South, her friend: The Nation lost its savior; and the slave

O, there was sorrow 'mid the humble poor, When Lincoln died.

from earth.

In him were strength and gentleness so mixed, That each upheld the other. He was firm And yet was kind; as tender as a child, And yet as iron willed as Hercules. And he was jovial, laughter-loving, still

His heart was ever torn with suffering. There was divine compassion in the man; A God-like love and pity for his race. The world saw the full measure of that love,

When Lincoln died.

When Lincoln died, a type was lost to men, The earth has had her conquerors and escape being made prisoner, he threw him- nearly three hours after the President's | And many of the common great. Through She only had one Lincoln. There are none

Like him in all the annals of the past. He was a growth of our new world, a child Of our new time; he was American; the redoubt till Ney advanced to his de- mation of the murder of the President was | And yet with ease he scaled the highest hight.

Mankind one of its few immortals lost, When Lincoln died.

heard one of the officers order a retreat. streets beneath a broiling Tennessee sun, When Lincoln died, it seemed a providence, termaster's that morning, and left to others | Whom, when that work was done, God summoned home. He led a splendid fight for liberty:

> And when the shackles fell, the land was saved. He laid his armor by and sought his rest. A glory sent from heaven covered him, When Lincoln died.

Boys for the Navy.

[Brook'yn Standard-Union.] Ever since the talk of war began there has been a rush of boys at all the recruiting stations of the Army and Navy. They have been of all kinds, small boys with hollow chests and sallow faces, big, rawboned boys, who think that life in the barracks or on board a warship would be pleasanter than work in a shop or factory, poor boys with shabby clothes and no homes, and well dressed boys in search of adventure, foreign-born boys who can hardly speak English, and American boys who offer their services for the Flag.

"I don't know where all the boys come from," said the recruiting officer of the re-Gen. Miller, the commandant of the post, yard, "but whenever there is talk of war we have from 10 to 50 of them a day. "The requirements are not severe, althat it had he warned every person not to | though the aim is, of course, to get as strong stir from the room until given permission. and hardy boys as possible, and those who

bad habits are quickly rejected.

"In the first place, the boys must be between the ages of 14 and 17 years. They must be able to read and write. They must their hight, weight, and chest measurement must conform to a certain standard, "When the boy has passed his examination he is taken on board the training-ship of which there are two, one at Coaster's Harbor After cautioning me to complete silence | Island, near Newport, and the other at Mare Island, San Francisco. He first receives a uniform of regulation blue jersey, sailor

prentices and receive \$9 per month pay, beside their clothing and rations. After completing their tour of service they are promoted to second-class apprentices, and their pay is raised to \$15 per month. When they have done one year's service they are in line for promotion to first-class apprentices and receive \$21 per month, which is only \$3 per month less than is paid to able

Charge at Vicksburg.

seamen.'

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: In your issue of March 31 I noticed an article from Comrade T. H. Preston, Co. E, 30th Ohio, con-

I was much interested in his narrative, but there was one thing I think he forgot to state. He says: "The storming party was made up by volunteers from the 30th, 37th, and 40th Ohio, 116th Ill., and, I think, 4th Va. The It was remarkable how completely all 30th Ohio followed the storming party, the "Co. E, 30th Ohio, was the color company." This, I believe, is also correct, but he does

> color company. The reason that Co. E was the color company during this charge was that Co. C had been taken from their usual position and placed at head of column in rear of storming

not state what became of Co. C. the regular

Co. C was led by Lieut. Emerson Brooks, who was severely wounded in the charge, but afterward recovered and became Colonel of the 30th Ohio. Our company went into the charge, to the best of my recollection, with 30 men and returned with 15, with a Corporal in command, having lost in killed and